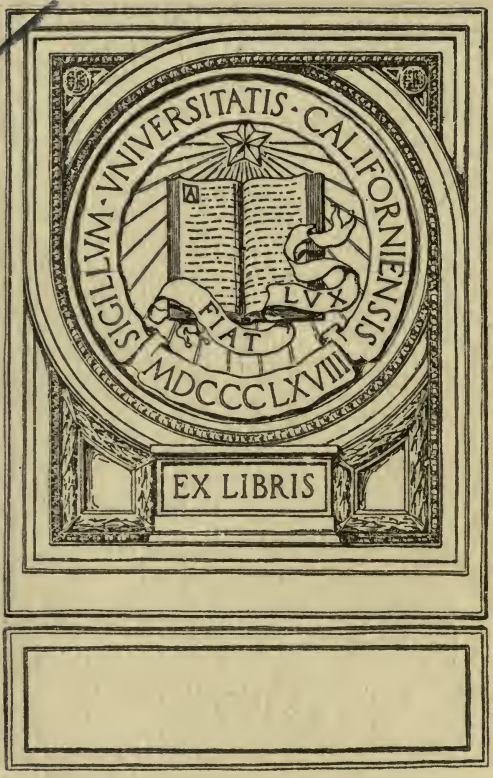
THE GREAT ANALYSIS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THE GREAT ANALYSIS

"I am a child in these matters."

—*The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour.*

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings . . . "

—*Psalm VIII.*

THE GREAT ANALYSIS

A PLEA FOR A RATIONAL WORLD-ORDER

by Wm Archer
"

WITH A PREFACE BY
GILBERT MURRAY
LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A.

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PREFACE

Some time ago my mind happened to be aching from the effects of two addresses delivered to applausive gatherings by two more or less eminent acquaintances of mine. I will not mention their names, partly because I am rather fond of the one, and partly because I am not very fond of the other. They differed in most of their views, but they agreed in assuring their respective audiences that the only true political wisdom lay in a mixture of fraud and fury. All politicians were corrupt: — they made no explicit exception in favor of themselves or one another. The leaders had risen to the head of their difficult profession by repeated exhibitions of incompetency,

and won the confidence of their followers by habitual mendacity and cowardice. No human mind was open to reason in public matters; no man or woman desirous of being just to another. The remedy for all ills was force, especially force practised by the weak against the strong. Every minority in the nation — Syndicalists and Coal owners, Suffragists and Anti-suffragists, Orangemen and Catholics, Publicans and Teetotalers — could compel the nation to obey it, if it only had the nerve and hated its neighbors sufficiently. In the distance you might have to face a glorious martyrdom in a last ditch; meantime you could revel in slander and evil passions, with a serene consciousness of duty fulfilled. Just then, feeling sick and a little bewildered, I fell in with the MS. of this book, and I confess it came to me like a spring in the desert. It was, I knew, the work of an able

man, though only a looker-on at politics. The scheme it suggests will, no doubt, seem to many people very remote from actuality; but it is at least sane and sweet-tempered. It is based on a belief in reason and reasonableness. Its political aim is to find out by organized knowledge what is good for society as a whole, not to snatch by strategy what is good for a particular group.

Criticisms of detail will occur to every reader, and perhaps criticisms of principle too. The knowledge on which political action can be safely based must always be an intimate, if not necessarily an exact, kind of knowledge. And it may be even harder than our writer admits to reach any such real understanding of the remoter societies of the world. But as far as our own country is concerned, the mass of new and exact information is growing with

extraordinary rapidity year by year. I do not believe that any one who has not gone specially into the subject can realize how enormously our armory of social knowledge has increased in the last two or three generations. If in these matters knowledge is power, we certainly ought to be able to manage our affairs far better and more boldly than did our grandfathers.

If Aristotle were alive I should have no more doubts. He would take over triumphantly the organization of the Great Analysis — it is just the subject he was working at — and lead us within some measureable time to the Great Synthesis which should follow it. This is not the first time that he has been missed; and I can only hope that the anonymous author of this book may find a way to replace him by some fairly satisfactory understudy.

GILBERT MURRAY.

THE GREAT ANALYSIS

I

WHAT is wrong with the world is its vastness. That is what hinders us from reducing the chaos of human affairs to a rational order. In relation to the solar system the earth is small; in relation to the universe, infinitesimal; but in relation to the mind of man, it is bewilderingly huge and complicated. No human intellect has hitherto been able to conceive in any detail a rational world-order, for no human intellect has had the power of grasping a thousandth part of the factors in the problem. There have been Utopias in plenty, both in literature and in political experiment: but a Utopia

is precisely a world-order in which the data of the problem are ignored.

The purpose of the present essay is to inquire whether the human mind must forever remain inadequate to the effort required to bring cosmos out of chaos — whether the time has not come (or is not approaching) when a world-order may be projected on the basis of a competent knowledge or forecast of all the factors. I suggest that a new instrument of precision lies ready to our hands, needing only an organizing genius, with a selected staff of assistants, to make effective use of it on a sufficiently comprehensive scale. It is no recondite or unfamiliar instrument: we employ it very frequently, in every-day affairs. But it is somewhat difficult to handle, even on a small scale; and to apply it to the problem of world-order is a task, no doubt, for a giant brain. My humble de-

sign, in the meantime, is to give, mayhap, a little twist in the right direction to one or other of the giant intellects which are possibly, and even probably, ripening around us.

What do we mean when we speak of world-order? The actual thing is so unrecorded in history, so remote from practical experience, that many people find it hard to grasp even the bare concept. I propose, then, to illustrate the concept on a greatly reduced and simplified scale.

II

Most of us have heard of Sir George Darwin's speculation that the moon consists of matter which, at some indefinitely remote period, flew off at a tangent from the earth, leaving a gap now occupied by the Pacific Ocean. Well, let us suppose that, one fine day, the County of York were in like manner to break loose from its moorings and drift away into space, until it reached a point at which the balance of forces, rounding it as on a turning-lathe, set it rotating, a second satellite, between the moon and the earth. Let us suppose that its climatic conditions remained practically unaltered, and that it took its minerals along with it, and a due allowance of sea. Let us suppose, moreover, that the disruption from the earth produced no instant or startling

change in the mental constitution of its inhabitants. We may also assume, what would probably be the fact, that the population, at the moment of severance, was fairly representative of the English people as a whole — of its virtues and vices, its ideals and prejudices, its talents and its limitations. And one thing more we must postulate — namely, that the libraries and laboratories of the errant region contained all that was necessary to place its people fully abreast of modern science, research, and speculation.

Yorkshire,[1] then, with its three-and-a-half million inhabitants — its peers and merchant princes, its squirearchy

[1] One of the smaller among the United States would equally well serve the purpose of this illustration. We might take the State of Massachusetts, for example — larger in area than Yorkshire, somewhat smaller in population. The main difference would lie in the fact that the population of Massachusetts would not be so homogeneous as that of Yorkshire, so that certain race-problems might have to be encountered.

and its clergy, its soldiers, its sailors, its fishermen, its villa residents, living on their dividends, its shopkeepers and its artisans, its workers in factories, and foundries, and mines, its unskilled laborers, its ploughmen and shepherds, the tramps on its country roads and the grimy social sediment of its slums — this fragment of what we call European civilization would (by hypothesis) be swinging through space, a self-contained planeticule, cut off from all communication with the rest of the universe. In process of time, indeed, it might learn to exchange signals with its parent earth; but we assume that any transit of material objects, animate or inanimate, between our globe and its new satellite is forever out of the question.

What would ensue? As this is not a Utopian romance, I make no attempt to prophesy in detail. There

would be a period, no doubt, of great confusion and suffering. Most of the luxuries of the rich, many of the necessaries or quasi-necessaries of the poor, would be suddenly cut off. There could be no replenishing of whatever stock happened to be in hand of wine, tobacco, rubber, petrol, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar,[1] oranges, lemons, bananas. Manufacturers would be cut off from almost all their markets. Famine could be avoided, if at all, only by the most drastic measures. Possibly the organizing talents of the county (let us continue to call it so) might get together, take command, as born leaders, of the police and military forces, seize all food-supplies, and dole out siege-rations, until the food-producing resources of the territory could be developed in proportion to the new claims upon them. Possibly, on the other

[1] Until beet-culture could be established on a large enough scale.

hand, the organizers might convince themselves that the county was essentially over-populated, in relation to its inherent resources (even under intensive cultivation), and might decide that to fight against the ultimately inevitable famine would only be to prolong the agony, widen the area of suffering, and postpone the eventual reorganization of life.[1] In one way or another at any rate — whether by the elimination of the unfittest, or by the prompt and skilful utilization of natural resources — or, more probably, by both processes — some sort of balance would sooner or later be established between food and population; and, the transitional state of siege being over, Yorkshiremen might calmly and at leisure set about the reconstruction of their polity. How would it proceed?

[1] I make no attempt at a definite estimate of the food-resources of Yorkshire, for the details of the period of transition are wholly inessential to my argument.

III

EVIDENTLY a resolute effort would be made to set up anew the hierarchy of British society — the great landowner, the capitalist, the small landholder, the dividend-drawer (*rentier*, in French), the tradesman, the artisan, the operative, the peasant. But this providential gradation, and the assumptions on which it rests, would have received a rude shock in the days of the disruption. Perhaps, if the "governing classes" had been wise in their generation, they might, instantly on the occurrence of the catastrophe, have organized a highly bribed army, and deliberately set about the protection of their privileges, at whatever cost of famine and slaughter the circumstances might entail. Had this endeavor succeeded, the resultant polity would have

been a military oligarchy, ruling over a practically enslaved proletariat. But it is very doubtful whether, in these days of sentimental humanitarianism, the privileged classes would have stood together with sufficient unanimity to make the attempt successful, or would have found among the non-privileged classes a sufficient number of mercenaries who could be bribed to do their dirty work. It is much more probable that whatever authorities came into power on the morrow of the disruption would act nominally, and (according to their lights) sincerely, in the interests of the whole community, and would be pretty loyally supported in so doing by the privileged classes. This is the state of things I have assumed above; and, this granted, it would be extremely difficult for society to settle down, after the period of stress was over, into its old pyramidal structure, with

the territorial duke at its apex, and the hind and the casual laborer at its base.

Think of all the forces that would oppose themselves to a restoration of "the classes and the masses," and of the old concepts of the rights of property on which rests the scheme of social subordination!

The great principle that "a man can do what he likes with his own," suspended during the months or years of what may be called provisional (and provisioning) government, could never again resume its full authority. Landowners would have had to submit their land to the uses of the community, not cultivating it, or withholding it from cultivation, as they pleased, but employing it so as to produce, in due proportions, the greatest amount of the necessaries of life. The provisional Ministry of Agriculture would have

ordained that so much land should lie in pasture for the due supply of meat, milk, leather, and wool, so much land should be devoted to cereals, so much to root-crops, so much to fibres (hemp and flax) in order to repair, so far as possible, the disappearance of cotton and silk — and none at all, that could be made productive, to non-productive uses. During the period of stress, the products of this communal agriculture would pass into the communal stores, thence to be distributed on whatever principle the government might determine — no doubt a confessedly temporary and provisional principle. But when the time of stress was past, can it be supposed that the landlord would simply resume his right of demanding a tribute for the mere access to certain portions of his land, in order that he might, at his leisure, devote certain other portions to unproductive, and

partly destructive, purposes of sport and recreation? Assuredly it is not to be supposed. Remember that the masks and disguises that hide the realities of territorial privilege would now be stripped off. Men driven off the land could not emigrate, for there would be no place to emigrate to. They could not herd into the cities, to scratch a precarious subsistence as parasites of the bloated host of machines; for mechanical industry, now ministering, with restricted raw material, to the definite demands of a county, instead of the indefinite demand of the world, would very soon shrink to such proportions as to make the amount of labor required accurately measurable and fairly stable. The margins and safety-valves, in short, which in some degree relax the pressure of "the landed interest" upon the body politic, would then have disappeared, and the real

meaning of private property in land would, so to speak, be visible to the naked eye.

Consider, too, that the influences which now conspire with and bolster up "the landed interest" would then have lost much, if not all, of their power. Capital, almost swept out of existence in the catastrophe, could not possibly recover a tithe of its volume or its prestige. Cut off from his world-wide market, the manufacturer would be unable to amass huge wealth, to adopt a princely style of living as natural and proper to his class, and to claim the lion's share of the product of labor as the just reward of his grandfather's or great-grandfather's "abstinence from consumption," and of his own business insight and organizing capacity. No longer hoping himself to take his place among the "landed" aristocracy, he would view the claims

of that aristocracy with a dispassionately critical eye. No longer able to pretend, either to himself or to society, that the management of his business demanded Napoleonic genius, he would be the more readily content with a reasonable reward for such capacity and energy as it did actually require. No longer subject to the temptations of unlimited display and luxury, he would be the less likely to grudge labor the opportunity of a decent human existence.

Again, let us remember that the great dividend-drawing class, that bulwark of Things-As-They-Are, would practically have ceased to exist. This is the class which, by dint of small abstinences and pettifogging parsimonies, has earned the right to exploit indefinitely the labor of the world. It is the giant expansion of enterprise — the weaving all over the earth of a network of railways,

steam-ship lines, telegraph cables, and so forth — which has enabled this class, in initially rich and thrifty countries, to grow so enormously. But the villadom of Yorkshire would now be cut off from its sources of supply. Its Fortunatus' purse would be snatched from its grasp; and within the county, now isled in space, there would be no room for such a rapid expansion of enterprise as would provide profitable investment for new savings, even supposing saving to be possible. This whole class, therefore, would find itself willy-nilly transferred from the camp of Capital into that of Labor, and its influence, if it came to a question either of voting or of fighting, would go against the re-establishment of a monopoly in land. Further, the mention of fighting reminds us that privilege would no longer be protected by a standing army. We have put aside as highly improbable

the hypothesis that the privileged few would have the presence of mind to entrench themselves from the outset behind a force of lavishly bribed mercenaries; and if once they let slip that opportunity — if once they admitted the idea of organization with a single view to the general weal — they could find no plausible excuse for the maintenance or revival of the military profession. The armies of to-day are maintained primarily and ostensibly to guard against foreign aggression; but their equally real though not commonly avowed function is to support the police in enforcing the rights of property. In our insulated county, far from the madding crowd of jealous nations and hostile races, there would be no possibility of foreign aggression, and consequently no excuse for maintaining an army or navy. We need not speculate as to how far the removal of these burdens

would go toward the restoration of economic prosperity; for that is not the present point. The point is that the privileged classes could scarcely come to the county government, organized for the general welfare, and say, "Your measures are threatening our privileges: we demand that you shall withdraw from productive employment so-and-so many thousand men, who shall protect us, by aid of blood and iron if necessary, against your encroachments upon our ancestral rights." Such a demand would be too paradoxical for consideration. Moreover, foreign aggression, as a factor in the problem of state, being once for all cancelled, the common plea for an endowed aristocracy, that it gives its best blood for the defence of the country, would thereby fall to the ground. All those partly real, but mainly fallacious, arguments for Things-As-They-Are, drawn from

the unstable and threatening aspect of international relations, would lose whatever force they possess. The disruption would have cleaned the slate of these, as of so many other, prejudices, sophisms, hypocrisies, illusions.

A clean slate! That is what the organizing intelligence of the county would start from in its work of reconstruction. I am conscious that in the foregoing speculations I have now and then suffered my own prejudices to anticipate, by implication, the reconstructive work. I have spoken as if the slate would not be clean, but inscribed with certain foregone ideas and principles. This has been, I believe, inevitable; but it has in some degree obscured the true purport of my argument. Let me, then, repeat and insist that I do not set up for a sociological prophet, and do not take my stand on the plausibility of any detail in my

forecast. What I have sought to do is simply (for purposes that will presently appear) to stimulate the reader's imagination of a segregated community, limited in size, provided with all the mental resources, and most of the material equipment, of modern science, and uprooted, by a great convulsion, not only from its geographical environments, but from all sorts of prejudices, traditions, and habitual forms of thought. I beg the reader to conceive such a community recovering from its first bewilderment and disarray, and settling down, on the assumption, as nearly as possible, of the "clean slate," to the reordering of its polity. What might we reasonably expect to be the process of that reordering?

IV

We need not pause to speculate upon the composition of the Organizing Body, or the method of its appointment. It would either be a very small Committee, or (more probably, perhaps) a Dictator with certain councillors or assessors. At any rate, we assume that some group of men (and women?) capable, not merely of voting "aye" or "no" on a cut-and-dried proposition, but of sustained and accurate collective thinking, is entrusted with the task of planning the new order of things, with a view to what we may vaguely describe for the present as the Common Weal.

What would be the determining feature of their position, as compared with that of any of the Constituent Assemblies of history, whether in Philadel-

phia, in Paris, or elsewhere? Surely this: that they would be confronted with a task of *manageable magnitude*. They would have an entire and perfect globule to deal with, instead of a segment of a globe. From the polity of this globule, many of the most perplexing factors of globe-politics would (by hypothesis) be eliminated. There would be no disparities of race or color: no (real or imaginary) superiority of one complexion over another: no tribal antipathies to be reckoned with; no "backward" peoples to be brought into line. There would be no differences of languages to impede understanding, and create misunderstanding, between parish and parish, between Riding and Riding. There would be no ancestral feuds, no historical jealousies of any importance, between one region and another. There would be no artificial barriers between region

and region, making it seem that the gain of one must be the other's loss, and that the only way to enrich yourself is to impoverish your neighbor. As there would be no possibility of aggression from without, there would be no burden of armaments, and no military caste whose prospects of honor and advancement lay in the fomenting of bellicose feeling. There would be no great differences of climate, begetting such differences of temperament and character as could not possibly be reduced to a common measure. There would be differences of religion, no doubt, but none so aggressive as to imperil the great principle of "live and let live."

The problem, in short, would be neither interracial, nor international, nor military, nor religious: it would be simply social and economic. Which means that, fundamentally, it would

be a problem of economics alone, but of economics viewed, not as the science of wealth, but as the science of well-being.

Now it would not be overwhelmingly difficult — it would demand no superhuman brain — to co-ordinate in one survey all the elements of the situation. The material elements would be pretty easily summed up. There would be a territory of so many thousand acres, divisible into various grades of fertility, and suited in such-and-such proportions for the cultivation of such-and-such products. The actual fertility could be increased by known methods of intensive cultivation to such-and-such a degree in such-and-such a time: further improvements in agriculture and stock-breeding might be vaguely anticipated but must not, for the moment, be counted on. The ascertained mineral resources of the county

would be sufficient for so-and-so many years at such-and-such a rate of consumption. Specialists would have to be consulted as to the likelihood that further stores awaited discovery, or that science would provide substitutes for coal before the known veins were exhausted; and policy would have to be guided by what seemed "the better opinion" on these points. An almost complete census could be taken, in fact, of the potentialities of the county, in regard both to those forms of wealth which reproduce themselves and to those which do not; and the further problem would be to regulate their production and distribution in accordance with the best interests of the community.

But this would leave the crux of the problem untouched: what are the best interests of the community. What is meant by the phrase used

vaguely and provisionally above: the Common Weal? Here the Constituent Body would have to embark on a psychological enquiry, and that in two branches: first, what would be fundamentally and ultimately the highest good of the community? second, what instalment of that highest good was practicably possible, and could be rendered acceptable, to the existing generation?

The enquirers would doubtless be met on the threshold by the plausible phrase "the greatest good of the greatest number," and would fall to analyzing it. Should they take it as meaning that the ideal of state-craft should be to foster, upon a given territory, "the greatest quantity of human life that it could be made to support in fair material comfort?" Or should it rather be held to imply "the greatest quantity of human life compatible with the

highest physical and spiritual development of the individual?"

On the former assumption, their course would at first, at any rate, be comparatively clear. The problem would simply be to utilize to the utmost the food-and-warmth-producing potentialities of the county, making the most of every cultivable rood, sacrificing nothing to beauty, and no more to recreation than was absolutely necessary in the interests of health. Agriculture and manufactures would be so organized that every able-bodied person, by a short day of labor, could support him or herself, with a certain number of youthful and aged dependents, on something like the present scale of middle-class decency and comfort. Education would be strictly utilitarian; and while science would be treated with some liberality, art would decline to the level of the cinematograph, the

colored supplement, and the novelette. Existing treasures of painting and sculpture would be gathered in Museums (such, perhaps, as Castle Howard or Wentworth Woodhouse), but they would probably be little frequented. A smug, unidea'd prosperity, in a world as nearly as possible divested of hope and fear and ambition, would be the goal of state-craft. When once the routine of life was established, the chief difficulty would be to maintain the just balance between population and subsistence; for the people of such a lubberland would probably show a constant tendency to breed beyond the margin fixed by the established standard of comfort.

If, on the other hand, the Organizing Body adopted the second interpretation of "the greatest good of the greatest number," and sought their ideal in intensity of human experience rather

than mere quantity of human life, their task would be very much more complex and difficult. It would be one, not of more scientific adjustment of mouths to means, but rather of artistic social construction, always based, of course, on scientific recognition of material and psychological facts. It would be manifest from the outset that no dead level of equality should be aimed at. No man should have the right to claim tribute from another for access to his fair share in the reproductive powers of nature, or should be enabled to make a "corner" of private ownership in mineral wealth. But equal economic opportunity does not imply equality of social service, or of reward. There would be a clearly marked gradation in the dignity and worth of human employments, proportioned to the rarity of the endowment, and the arduousness of the preparation, demanded for them.

It would be difficult, no doubt, to measure the worth to the community of artistic products: there would always be lively discussions and heart-burnings on the subject, to diversify life: but some workable method would assuredly suggest itself when the need arose. At any rate, life-supporting space would be freely sacrificed to life-ennobling space: visible beauty and adequate elbow-room would take high rank among the necessaries of existence; and the reward of exceptional service to the commonweal would be found, not in the means to indulge in ostentatious and senseless luxury, but in the right to lead a life of exceptional spaciousness and dignity, among exceptionally beautiful surroundings. There would always, or at any rate for many generations, be a majority of mediocrity in the state — a populace content with common employment, and its common

reward in the shape of ordinary comfort and pastime. Whether there would ever come a levelling-up, which would bring all to some sort of equality on the heights, is a subject for remote speculation; but there would be no need for a levelling-down, which should bring all to a flat stagnation in the depths. There would be room for ambition, room for achievement, room for renown. Men do not in their hearts believe in, or desire, equality. They love to look up and admire: so much so that, in the absence of what is fine and noble, they will admire what is tawdry and base. They do not desire to live like mites in a cheese. When once they can all live like human beings, they will be not only content, but happy, that the master-spirits among them should move in loftier regions, like the demi-gods of old.

And in such a polity as this, where

elbow-room was recognized as one of the indispensable conditions of the seemliness of life, the population question would probably give no trouble. How far eugenics would be a matter of state regulation, and how far it would be left to the growth of enlightened sentiment, I do not attempt to conjecture.

V

Again I have suffered my own prejudices and preconceptions to peep through rather obtrusively. But again I beg the reader to remember that they are not the essential stuff of my argument. My forecast of the probable trend of thought in the Organizing Body may be extremely shallow and unconvincing. That does not matter. My purpose was not to persuade the reader — how could I? — that the Or-

ganizers would arrive at such-and-such results, but simply to indicate, in broad outline, the topics of their deliberations. What I am endeavoring to show is that, in an absolutely isolated community of the size of Yorkshire, it would be possible, not only to think out in detail the problems of the commonweal, but to place the solutions convincingly before the intelligence of the people, so that all should take conscious and understanding part in whatever experiments of social organization were decided upon. The organization should, of course, be confessedly experimental. It would be absurd to suggest that any human intellect or intellects could think out a system perfect in all its parts, that could be made to function smoothly from the very outset, like a well-oiled machine. Such a system, indeed, would be manifestly imperfect if it purported to be rigid and to pos-

sess no elasticity. There would be room for a thousand after-thoughts and readjustments. No one can absolutely foresee how the human character will react to untried conditions. But it would be well within the power of the Organizers to foresee and prepare for all probable eventualities, and even to adjust matters so that the readjustment necessitated by an unforeseen eventuality might be effected without throwing the system, as a whole, out of gear. "Politics" would thus mean rational experimenting in the light instead of wrangling over the next leap in the dark. The conditions of any given experiment would be clearly defined, its results accurately measured and appraised. Where there was no conflict of class interests, and no suspicion that one party or group was trying to overreach another, experiments could be carried out with a

single eye to the commonweal, and a dissenting minority could register its protest without turbulence, claiming to have the issue tried over again, under certain conditions, and after a certain time. The state would be a measurable, manageable entity, like a joint-stock company governed by an energetic, clear-headed, far-sighted Board of Directors. The principle of what is known in America as Scientific Management would be recognized in all departments — the principle that, while there are many wrong, wasteful, rule-of-thumb ways of doing a thing, there is only one economical, elegant, right way, and it is always worth while, by patient experiment, to ascertain and master that process. The whole community would be consciously knit together in a league for the commonweal; and though debates would arise as to the true nature of the commonweal in

this case and in that, the ever-present sense of solidarity of interest would divest them of acrimony, malice, and destructive passion.

In this globule and microcosm, in short, the human intellect would be able to grasp, master, control, and mould all the manifold constituents of human environment, character, and destiny. Man's mind would view in man's terrestrial lot a great and complex, but not an utterly overwhelming, problem. The intellect would approach its task with the confidence of a sculptor who sees before him a mighty mass of clay, yet not so huge as to appall and paralyze his energies. Already he divines in the vague the form, the symmetry, to be evolved from it; and, as he settles to his toil, his nerves thrill with the joy of plastic energy. He knows the immutable laws of his material; and, under those laws, he

knows that he can impress on this rude and formless mass the contours and proportions of organic life and beauty.

VI

HERE ends the illustration in little of what we mean when we speak of world-order. Let us now see whether this concept can be expanded from the scale of our imaginary globule to that of our real globe.

The difficulty of so expanding it is confessed in the very terms of the illustration. What have we not eliminated in order to reduce the problem to manageable dimensions! We have begun by cancelling, by dropping away, so to speak, some fifteen hundred millions of men; and in doing so we have got rid of Race, Religion, Climatic, and Geographical Advantage, Nationality,

Language, War, Commerical Rivalry. Further, we have conceived that a convulsion of nature has enormously weakened the prestige of social tradition, the strength of economic privilege. Is it possible to restore to the problem all these cancelled factors, and still to conceive it as falling within the grasp of the human intellect?

It is as I said: what is wrong with the world is its vastness. But is there no hope that we may ever reach out and grapple with this immensity? Has not the time come, or is it not at hand, for a Great Analysis and co-ordination of the factors of the world-problem? Is it inconceivable that some encyclopædic brain (with lesser intelligences working under its inspiration and control) should one day disentangle and master all the welter of terrestrial resources and potentialities, as we have supposed the Organizing Body to master and

manipulate the resources and potentialities of our insulated Yorkshire?

Before attempting to answer this question, it may be well to guard against a misunderstanding. In the illustration-in-little, I have supposed immediate and pretty rapid action to follow the theoretic analysis of the Organizing Body; but I do not for a moment mean to imply that the establishment of an ordered world-state would immediately or very quickly follow the Great Analysis, and the theoretic forecast of a world-order. No amount of taking-thought will make the planet other than unwieldy and hard to manipulate. Even with modern methods of diffusion, thought-waves spread but slowly; and action lags still farther behind. I am far from suggesting that the most titanic intellect could, in a decade or a generation, remake world-polity, as Mutsu-

hito has remade the polity of Japan. The effect of the Great Analysis would not be revolutionary. But it would enable statesmen and nations to look far ahead, instead of groping along in the tangle of affairs. It would teach them to think in terms of centuries, instead of, at most, in terms of one or two decades. At present the world is like a motor-car without head-lights, feeling its way by night along a road beset with snags and sloughs. The Great Analysis would throw a mighty beam far into the future, enabling progress to forge ahead with a new speed, a new purposefulness, and a new security from quagmires, blind alleys, and precipices.

VII

Let us first recognize that it is only a difference of scale, not any difference of essence, that distinguishes the real from the imaginary problem. The earth is, just what we have conceived our rotatory Yorkshire to be: an isolated sphere pendent in space. If we could travel to Venus, Mars, and Mercury, as we travel to Japan or Paraguay; if we built tariff-walls against Jupiter, and ether-Dreadnoughts to repel a threatened invasion from Saturn; then the problem would be immeasurably more complex still — except in so far as outward pressure might possibly solidify, as it were, the jarring interests of earth. As a matter of fact, the possibility of any planetary interference with our terrestrial affairs is so unthinkably remote that

(unless we be astrologers) we entirely disregard it. The earth is as insulated as our hypothetic Yorkshire. There is no ingress to it, save by birth; no egress from it, save by death. Nor is there any reasonable fear that any other terrestrial race than our own should intrude upon our working out of the problem of a world-order. Nothing but some wild internecine frenzy of humankind could give (for instance) the great carnivora an opportunity of seriously encroaching on the territories from which our forefathers have expelled them. More probable, perhaps, is the exterminating irruption of some Hunnish host of microbes; but even that is a contingency no more to be taken into our calculations than a conceivable collision with a comet. To all intents and purposes it is true that invaders must spring from our own loins — from the loins, that is to say,

of men like ourselves. It is also true that the capacity of the earth for sustaining human life is not infinitely expansible any more than that of Yorkshire. The shifting of population, and the rapid conveyance of foodstuffs, from one point to another, may postpone the ultimate pressure of the horde of birth-invaders upon subsistence; but, should it arrive, we cannot count upon relief by emigration to Saturn or Uranus. Only in one way can human beings push one another off the earth, and that is by pushing one another into the earth. This is as true of the globe as of the globular Yorkshire.

And is not this a fundamental starting-point for the Great Analysis? If, in our imaginary Yorkshire, it was possible — and who, looking at the population returns of France, New Zealand, and other countries, can doubt that this was a justified assumption? — if it

was possible to check the birth-invasion before the point was reached at which men had absolutely to kill each other in order to live, why should it not be possible to attain the same end on the larger scale? An analysis of the grounds of birth-restriction would show that it did not proceed from any autocratic ordinance enforced by pains and penalties, but from the inward impulse of certain peoples in certain stages of intelligence, culture, and comfort; just as a parallel analysis would lay bare the grounds and conditions of ultra-fecundity. Further, it should not be difficult to show that unbridled breeding does not really make for life — not even for quantity, and still less for quality. The idea that Nature constantly urges increase, in a blind desire for sheer quantity of consciousness, is a piece of unscientific anthropomorphism; but even if we so per-

sonify Nature, and endow her with a will, we can easily show that she would defeat her own aim if she ineluctably compelled mankind to procreate up to the limit of subsistence. Intelligence having somehow been evolved, why should it abdicate its control over so fundamental a factor in human well-being? There is not the least doubt that a world regulated by intelligence can support a greater quantity of life — to say nothing of quality — than a world given over to the sway of blind instinct.

The conditions, and the limits, of fecundity are, then, the fundamental factors in any conceivable world-order. If there is to be no limit: if this race or that is to multiply until it is forced by the imminence of famine to hurl itself, in a war of extermination, on another and less fertile race, then civilization can be nothing but an inter-

mittent gleam between periodic convulsions of barbarism, compared with which the horrors of the Great Migrations would seem like child's play. This is not, in fact, a possible contingency. In one way or another it would certainly be obviated — conceivably by the enslavement of the world under the iron rule of a military oligarchy, armed with all the resources of science. That possibility is perhaps less remote in the real world than we conjectured it to be in the diminutive world of our illustration. It would be the task of the Great Analysis to study the alternatives to an issue against which our every instinct rebels. It should not be impossible, even now, to form a rough equation between what may be called the reproductive resources of nature and the reproductive forces of man; and it should be possible, by dint of special

study and the collection of fresh data, to make the equation every year more accurate. Before very long, we ought to be able to calculate with tolerable precision the limit of the food-resources of the planet, under actual methods of cultivation, and the limit under such intensive methods as can be reasonably foreseen. This ascertained, we should also be able to lay down the limits of possible increase of population, on the assumption, first, of a low average standard of living, then of a high and a higher average standard — just as did the Organizers of our imaginary Yorkshire. The limit of possible multiplication, even on the assumption of a high standard of life, is probably still very distant. If that should prove to be the case, so much the better: for it leaves more time for the results of the Great Analysis to soak into the understanding of the

world, and inspire intelligent action. It would be a disaster if mankind, as it were, blindly butted up against the limit of expansion, and, in ignorant hunger, fell to rending one another like a pack of wolves corralled in a ring-fence. Of that, as I have before suggested, there is no real danger. Nevertheless, we cannot too soon take stock of our planetary resources, and learn, so to speak, the length of our tether. On this line (to revert to a former illustration) a great search-light can assuredly be thrown forward into the future, opening our eyes to certainties and contingencies which, however remote, can scarcely fail to react in a greater or less degree on our method of envisaging the problems even of the immediate present.

VIII

This stock-taking must evidently be the first step toward any comprehensive scheme of a world-order, just as it was toward the reorganization of life in the insulated Yorkshire of our illustration. Man cannot live by bread alone, but by bread he must live before he can live for anything higher. The condition of stable equilibrium implied in the very idea of world-order can never be attained until the process of expansion is completed; and it is precisely because the end of that process, however far off, is now within measurable distance, that we can begin seriously to think of a world-order. When the first step — the measuring of the distance — is taken, there remain, as we have seen, a host of complications to be grappled with, which

were eliminated from our illustration in little. But before we proceed to look into these complications, a few words must be said as to the nature of the new instrument of precision, mentioned in our opening section, by aid of which this fundamental measurement, and indeed the whole analysis, must be affected.

The reader has no doubt divined that the instrument in question is none other than Statistics, in the widest sense of the term — the quantitative study of social and economic phenomena. "In what sense is it new?" some may be tempted to ask. It is so very new as to be still in a rudimentary stage of development. When we realize that no trustworthy vital statistics are to be obtained for so civilized a community as the United States, we may well wonder what the statistical information is worth which proceeds

from (say) a South American republic; while there are, of course, large tracts of the earth from which no quantitative data whatever are to be had. The question is, not whether the instrument is new, but whether we may not have to wait another century or two before it can be so far perfected as to give accurate and trustworthy results.

I do not think, however, that this is so. No doubt there will at first be huge gaps in the data; and even where the data seem most abundant and most trustworthy, they will require to be scrutinized with the utmost suspicion and co-ordinated with the utmost care. The saying that "Nothing is so deceptive as facts, except figures" is not the condemnation of statistics, but ought to be the first principle of the science. The whole aim of that science is to avoid the abundant pitfalls offered by its material, to criti-

cise searchingly, and interpret justly. But making every allowance for deficiency of material, and for difficulty of handling such as exists, we cannot but see, I think, that an analysis of world-conditions, far wider than any that has yet been attempted, is possible even to-day; while it is certain that the material required for it would rapidly become available in increasing volume as soon as the need and the practical use for it were realized.

The point, for the moment, is not to determine how exact an analysis might be, but to realize that a quantitative study is now at last possible, or becoming possible, which was, until recently, quite out of the question. The first essential to such a study is geographical knowledge; and, until well within the memory of middle-aged men, there still existed vast stretches of the planet of which we

had practically no knowledge at all. But the *terræ incognitæ*, which the old map-makers peopled with gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire, have now shrunk to small proportions. Geographical information is increasing every day; the locomotive whistle is heard in the depths of the primeval jungle, and commerce is thrusting forth its feelers into regions given over, a generation ago, to mere mystery and dread. The growth of knowledge, however, has been so gradual that we have not yet realized its full import. We have not yet awakened to this great difference between ourselves and the men of any former age, that we know the planet we live on, while they did not. Think of the Roman Empire! A little circle of light surrounded by vague infinitudes of menacing darkness. There we had a spirited experiment toward a world-order, which failed for several

good reasons, but mainly for lack of isolation. The position of the Orbis Romanus was like that which we should now occupy if we had every reason to anticipate being "snowed under" by swarms of Martian, Saturnian, and Uranian invaders. As a matter of fact, the hordes of barbarism swept down upon the little circle of civilization; and then the Church tried to set up some sort of order in a world somewhat extended, but still hemmed in between the ocean to the west and north and the hosts of heathenesse to the south and east. This order, too, if such it can be called, failed for lack of isolation — of isolation, in the first place, from ideas. It was based on all sorts of demonstrably false hypotheses, physical, moral, and metaphysical; and as its guardians clung to these hypotheses, and defied the oncoming army of investigation and veri-

fication, the order was soon overthrown, and the organization which maintained it reduced to the position of one among a crowd of jarring sects in a rapidly expanding world. The Portuguese taught us the outline of Africa, the Spaniards revealed to us the twin continents of the new hemisphere, the Dutch and British brought the vast Australasian islands within the world's consciousness. Year after year, decade after decade, have filled in for us the outlines drawn by Vasco da Gama and Columbus, Cabot, Magellan, and Cook. Great gulf-streams of migration have swept from Europe to every quarter of the globe where a weaker race invited expropriation. The process of expansion has led to many wars, to the boundless enrichment of certain classes of men, and to a very real increase in the resources and potentialities of life for

all and sundry. But, while the political and economic aspects of the expansion have been amply studied and realized, we have as yet overlooked what may be called the spiritual significance of the great fact that we now know, in its whole extent, the planet we live in, and can, and must, turn our attention to intensive knowledge and mastery of it. Hitherto we have not really inhabited an isolated sphere. Civilization has always been in contact with the Unknown, first as a threat, then as a scourge, more recently as a safety-valve for its superfluous energies and appetites, its discontents, its rebellions. But now there is no more Unknown on this side of the moon: we are neither exposed to incursions from it nor tempted (except in a romancer's nightmare) to make excursions into it. The world, in a word, has attained complete, or

almost complete, geographical self-consciousness. That was the essential condition, precedent of the spiritual self-consciousness which it must now attain, if its history is not to be one long oscillation between struggling progress and engulfing barbarism.

We are still far enough, no doubt, from the exact knowledge of all regions and their conditions which it was possible to assume in the Yorkshire of our illustration. But that is no reason why we should not reach out toward such knowledge, and prepare, as it were, our schedules, with the heads of our analysis. For some regions very full data are accessible, for others more or less trustworthy estimates; for others, again, it would doubtless be necessary (in the meantime) to reason by analogy and be content with conjectural figures. Results thus reached would, of course, be tentative and sub-

ject to indefinite revision. No one would dream of attaining accuracy and conclusiveness all at once. The immediate object and the immediate gain would be to provide the forms for further investigation and thought — to point the way, and even to make some part of the journey, toward an exact knowledge of the elements available toward the elaboration of a world-wide Commonweal. It may be said with perfect truth that, if we would only realize it, a "new planet" has "swum into our ken" — the planet on which we live. It is given us to subjugate and fashion to our uses; and before we can rationally subjugate it in fact, it is clear that we must subjugate it in thought, must envelop it, so to speak, in organizing intelligence.

The effort to attain this end cannot be made too soon, however remote the possibility of complete accomplishment.

A statesman, then in high place, urged us some years ago to "think imperially"; but what men — not Englishmen or English speakers alone, but all intelligent human beings — really require to learn is to think planetarily. If only that habit could be acquired — as it can and must — how small would seem many of the interests for which men are now ready to toil, suffer, intrigue, and finally to fly at one another's throats! How trebly cogent would be our criticism of such insanities, could we attack them from the stand-point of even a roughly sketched and tentative world-order.

IX

If we now set about reintroducing into the problem the factors eliminated in our illustration in little, we perceive at once that they fall into two classes: the fundamental or inevitable, and the secondary or derivative. In the first group stand Climate, Race, and Language; in the second, Religion, Nationality, Commerical Rivalry, War.

In Climate we have a set of fairly constant conditions which we cannot radically alter, but must be content to utilize to the best of our skill. We could not, if we would, make the torrid zone temperate, or assimilate the climate of Spitzbergen to that of Ceylon. Yet climate would scarcely rank as an absolutely immutable element in the problem of a world-order. We

certainly have it in our power to injure a fine climate by the ruthless destruction of forests; whence it would appear that, conversely, we could do something to improve a bad climate by appropriate measures of cultivation and engineering. Hydrographic conditions, in short, are in some degree under our control; and a comprehensive scheme for dealing with them would be a possible and very stimulating effort of thought on the planetary scale. Moreover, it may well be doubted whether the existing distribution of the various forms of agriculture and industry is, in fact, the most economical and advantageous. In these matters, indeed, it is impossible to act in capricious disregard of climate and local conditions: it is impossible to grow bananas in Canada or to breed reindeer in Madagascar. But national frontiers and

tariff walls have to some extent blocked and distorted the lines of natural distribution, and great economies could probably be effected by a scheme of redistribution based on the maximum of climatic advantage.

It is, however, by a lapse of strict logic that I include Climate among the problems to be encountered on the world-scale and not on the scale of our imaginary illustration. A study of Climate would be as necessary in Yorkshire as in "the great globe itself"; and possibly a certain reallocation of agriculture and industry would have to follow from it. The problem would be the same: only the range of variation would be immeasurably smaller. But when we come to Race, we have to deal with a difficulty which was practically non-existent in Yorkshire, with its homogeneous Saxon-Danish-Norman population.

X

On the question of Race there are, at the present time, two diametrically opposed schools of thought. Some people hold Race to be the fundamental fact of life; others regard it as a superstition and a bugbear.

Purity of Race, for some, is the indispensable condition of all great thought, all great art, all dignity and efficiency of individual or national life. They have to admit, it is true, that literal "purity of race" does not exist, except, perhaps, among some remote tribes of savages. But they take their stand on "historic race," and regard as pure-bred those peoples who, though doubtless of mixed origin, have freely intermarried among themselves for many centuries, and have in that time undergone no considerable infusion of alien blood. Even

such a "race," the theorists are bound to admit, may benefit by a definite and appropriate crossing, which must take place within somewhat narrow limits of time, and then cease — for example, the Norman intermixture in Saxon England. Such a crossing, indeed, is by some regarded as an indispensable preliminary to a great development of national genius. But long-continued hybridism, and especially the intermixture of widely diverse races, is, in the eyes of this school of thought, destructive of all nobility and efficiency of the human breed. For the "mestizo," the "café-au-lait," they have nothing but contempt. In purity of race, with the above-mentioned convenient provisos, lies the salvation of mankind.

For thinkers of the opposite school, Race is, if not actually a sheer illusion, at any rate a provisional device

on Nature's part, appropriate only to world-conditions which we are rapidly outgrowing. They look forward with perfect equanimity to the pouring of all races into a great melting-pot, with the resultant fusion, or "general pan-mixture." Every race (so some of them, at any rate, hold) is the special depository of some characteristic gift or virtue; and fusion would mean the accumulation of all these gifts and virtues in the hybrid world-race. A man of mixed race, says a theorist of this school, is "potentially a more competent vehicle of humanity." He does not explain his reasons for believing — what is evidently implied in his argument — that gifts and virtues are cumulatively preserved in cross-breeding, while limitations and vices tend to drop away.[1] The pan-mixturists

[1] The champions of Pure Race, it need scarcely be said, take up exactly the opposite position on this point.

apparently conceive that intercommunication will one day be so easy and universal that the fusion, once achieved, will perpetuate itself by constant interbreeding between people of the most diverse habitats; otherwise differences of environment would presently result in a fresh crystallization of divergent, and perhaps antagonistic, races. We are to conceive, in short, a world in which no one has any local habitation, any continuing city, but all mankind is in a state of constant nomadism and flux. I do not say that this is an unthinkable eventuality; I merely point out that it is a necessary assumption, if the ideal of a "general pan-mixture" is to be permanently achieved.

It is not for me to hold the balance between these rival schools of thought. Personally, I adhere to neither of them. The race-men seem to me to

reach their desired conclusions by carefully selecting and manipulating their premises. This they are able to do because the data of ethnological science are extremely vague, and lend themselves to all sorts of arbitrary interpretations. The pan-mixture men, on the other hand, seem to ignore plain facts of experience, both biological and psychological, in the interests of a sort of vague equalitarianism, which has behind it an instinctively optimistic faith in the ultimate beneficence of Nature.

What, then, in regard to Race, would be the task of the Great Analysis? Surely to measure and register the broad, unmistakable facts of race as they actually exist, and then to sketch out a scheme, which should appeal to the reason of the races themselves, for their collocation in a conceivably permanent world-order. It

would probably be found, I imagine, that the existing races will have to be reckoned with as abiding factors in the problem: that those which were destined to die off at the mere contact with other races, have already done so, and are out of the saga. This means that we can scarcely calculate on the actual elimination of an inconvenient and intractable race; but it does not mean that an inferior race (supposing the assumption of racial superiority and inferiority to justify itself) must be given unlimited opportunity to increase and multiply at the expense of superior races. It might be found — I put this merely by way of illustration, not of prophecy — that the path to an abiding order lay generally along the line of segregation in color-groups. That would imply the discouraging of any considerable overflow of one color into

the territory of another, and, where such an overflow has once for all taken place, the establishing of certain color-reservations, to obviate the constant propinquity of two or more heterogeneous races. On the other hand — in this there would be no inconsistency — a breaking down of the artificial barriers between homogeneous races might be found to effect in some degree that accumulation of varied human potentialities to which the "panmixturists" aspire. In short, a new science of race-eugenics should be built up from a wide and competent ingathering and marshalling of facts, unwarped by the racial or humanitarian bias, and the tendency to argument in a circle, which have hitherto been so fatal to ethnological sanity.

I must not omit to underline a phrase of crucial importance in the foregoing paragraph. The scheme to

be drafted, I said, "should appeal to the reason of the races themselves"; and the sceptical reader probably asked himself "What does this mean? Can a race, as such, be said to possess reason?" Perhaps not; but its leaders can; and ideas, once accepted by the master-minds of a people, possess a wonderful power of permeation. In this race-analysis, as, indeed, throughout the inquiry, it would be indispensable that men of the various races should assist. Impartiality — an unquestionable devotion, not to individual, national, or racial interests, but to world-expediency in its widest sense — would be the primary qualification of the investigators; and there could be no better guarantee of impartiality than international and interracial collaboration. An idea, then, would not come to any great section of humanity wholly from outside.

Each race would have contributed to its elaboration, and to each it would from the first be interpreted by one, at least, of those who had helped to shape it. Thus a process of radiation would begin which would be a new thing in human experience. A collective thought, emanating from a collective brain, consciously organized for inquiry and reflection on a planetary scale, would command, not instant and miraculous assent indeed, but a wholly new order of critical attention. If it were truly based upon the nature of things, and truly inspired by an impartial foresight of the Commonweal, it would quickly take hold upon leading intelligences; and what leading intelligences absorb today as an idea, to-morrow tingles as an instinct through the nerves of a whole race. The Great Analysis would be a mere futility if it stored its results

on a library shelf, instead of sending them radiating from brain to brain, first to the few who are capable of reflection, then to the many who are subject to suggestion.

In regard to Language, the function of the Great Analysis would be comparatively simple, because here the range of conscious and deliberate endeavor is comparatively limited. There would be room for psychological investigation in two directions. In the first place — and this should not be difficult — it would be necessary to meet and silence the idle scepticism which scoffs at the possibility of a world-language, a common medium of communication between people of different mother tongues. The possibility of a "lingua Franca" has been demonstrated over and over again in history; and there is no apparent reason why it should suddenly have be-

come impossible, just when the need has become most obvious and urgent. Whether the "lingua Franca" should be a language of natural growth or an artificial invention, it is perhaps more difficult to decide; but the chances seem to be greatly in favor of the latter proposal. If the improved Esperanto, instead of adopting a meaningless nickname, would frankly call itself "Linguafranca," one does not see why it should not successfully meet the case.

The question of an international language, however, must be solved by direct experiment, and calls for but little preliminary analysis. The second line of enquiry, on the other hand, presents great theoretic difficulties. There can, of course, be no question of rendering the world unilingual — of causing any one idiom to expel and supplant all the others. That would

be a wild impossibility; and if it were possible, it would be a crime. The great languages of civilization are things of priceless beauty, each with its own particular range of sonority and expressiveness. To reduce so rich an orchestra to one instrument would be a stupendous folly. It is only as a source of mutual misunderstanding that diversity of idiom is to be regretted; and that disadvantage would be partially overcome by the spread of a lingua Franca. But while the function and justification of the great languages is beyond dispute, can the same be said of all the small languages? We are accustomed to assume that every people has (to use a much abused and fallacious form of phrase) the language it deserves, the language which is the natural and necessary expression of its soul. But is this assumption always just? Are there not people whose

souls are cramped by their languages? who have outgrown, or are ready to outgrow, an undeveloped, inexpansive, irresponsive tongue? On this line of enquiry, the Great Analysis might reach not unimportant results. The gradual rooting-out of what may be called dead-alive languages, which constitute a mere clog upon the development of the peoples using them, might quite well prove to be an essential element in a sound world-policy. Such eliminations are extremely difficult, no doubt, when they are undertaken by a conquering power, in order to crush the national spirit of a conquered people; but the problem would be very different in the case of a really effete language, condemned, not by a hostile power, but by impartial examination conducted primarily in the interest of the people whom chance had saddled with so hampering a heritage.

XI

It may not at first sight seem clear why Race and Language should have been reckoned as fundamental factors in the world-problem, Religion as secondary and derivative. The distinction is not very important, but it is surely just. Race and Language are imposed from without, as parts of the inevitable order of things; Religion is evolved from within, a product of the human spirit. We have no more control over our race than over our anatomical structure; and the growth and decay of a language is a natural process, like the growth and decay of a tree, which may, indeed, be retarded or otherwise modified, but only within narrow limits. Religion, on the other hand, though it springs from a psychological need that manifests itself

very early in the ascent of man, is neither a vital function, like digestion, or breathing, nor a necessity of existence, like food and air. It is a product of the relation between the human mind and its environment — a very common product, indeed, yet neither universal nor inevitable. It may, perhaps be true that there is no tribe of savages so low as to be devoid of the rudiments of religion; but it is certain that there are thousands of men in every civilized country — some of them, very likely, pillars of the church — who are congenitally incapable, not only of religious thought, but of the faintest glimmer of religious emotion. We cannot choose our race, any more than we can choose the color of our hair; but we can choose our religion, like the style of our hair-dressing, though the vast majority, in both matters, simply follow the fashion of

their country and time. It is possible to conceive the world without religion, just as it is possible to conceive that all men might become color-blind. But to conceive the world without race would be equivalent to conceiving it without mountains and seas, without vicissitudes of heat and cold, a sort of giant billiard-ball suspended in space by some quite different mechanism from that which in fact keeps it whirling and swaying in the planetary dance.

I have dwelt on what may be called the detachability of religion, because this is the aspect of the matter which the Great Analysis would surely bring to the front. It would show — what has often been shown already, but seldom realized — that religion is a garment of the soul, more or less beautiful, more or less comfortable, more or less adapted to such-and-such climatic

and social conditions, but no more worth intriguing, fighting and killing for than any other local custom or costume. This does not mean that religion may not be worth dying for, or that all martyrdom has been wasted. The martyrs have sometimes been right; only the martyr-makers have always been wrong. It is one thing to die rather than deny the light as you see it; quite another to kill because your light is darkness to your neighbor.

A census of religions — and still more a quantitative estimate of the spheres of influence of the various creeds in recorded and unrecorded time — puts all the religions to shame, in so far as they assert exclusive validity and aspire to universal empire. In relation to the whole past of humanity, since man first stood erect beneath the sun, what proudest and most an-

cient communion does not dwindle to a local cult and a growth of yesterday? Just in so far as a religion professes to trace its origin and its right of rule to a definite revelation vouchsafed in time and place — just in so far must it stand non-suited in the courts of history and anthropology. A religion (if such there be) which professes to have grown slowly into the clear air out of the mists of ignorance and error, and to be ever correcting its interpretation of the universe in the light of fuller knowledge: such a religion may be mistaken, but at least does not stultify its own assumptions. How different is the case of a creed which purports to have fallen from heaven in such-and-such a year, after countless generations of men had lived and died in ignorance of it: which is so obscure that feuds over its interpretation stain the cen-

turies with blood: and which, after all, obtains but a precarious hold (in various mutually anathematized forms) over a minority of the race whose eternal salvation is said to be dependent on it. Did ever such arrogant premises lead to such a pitiful conclusion! All the historic religions, in fact, have become shocking misfits. They were cut for people who wholly misconceived their situation both in space and time. The fraction of the world that came within their ken was to them the centre of the universe, and they had no conception either of the giant past of their race or of its limitless future. Of all this — of the earth's place in the universe, of man's place in nature, of the mighty potentialities lurking in matter — the various revelations revealed nothing. They were strictly conditioned by the common knowledge, which meant the com-

mon ignorance, of their day. In other words, they were more or less fitted to diverse rudimentary stages in the growth of the human spirit; and the adult human spirit of to-day keeps trying to force itself into the same childish garments. Sometimes it succeeds in pinching and squeezing itself into them, at the cost of all power of healthy motion and growth. At other times it splits them to ribbons, and then goes about in comical unconsciousness that it is wearing only the tatters of a creed.

It would be among the first tasks of the Great Analysis to take the measurements, so to speak, of the various religions, and present them in something like their just proportions to each other and to humanity at large. Out of such a presentment there could not but grow, however slowly, a conviction of the hopeless-

ness of all aspiration to world-empire on the part of any of the historic creeds. Such "catholicity," indeed, might come in the train of a military tyranny, not otherwise. The masses, deliberately kept in mental and spiritual darkness, might be driven in herds to some daily ritual which should consecrate their servitude and drug any uneasy stirring of enquiry, ambition, or revolt. But this is a form of universal religion from which priestcraft itself would, as yet, one may take it, recoil. Priestcraft demands the surrender of will, not its extinction. There would be no sport in dominating a world of human sheep. And short of this deliberate dragooning into faith, what chance is there that any one of the historic religions will conquer and possess the earth? There is no chance at all. The hope is a sheer hallucination. We may be very sure that the

world-order, when it comes, will be no theocracy. At any rate, if God be enthroned, it will be under none of the names he has borne in history.

A perception of this fact should do much to clear the way for a world-order by putting religion in its place. No sane man scoffs at religion in itself. The opposition between religion and reason is an entirely false one, for religion is a function of reason. Our birth is a miracle, our death is a mystery; and science, do what it will, can only register the mysterious sequences that obtain among the miracles and mysteries in which we live and move, and have our being. It is not reason, but crass stupidity, that ignores the mystery of existence, and takes the universe as a matter of course. The same reason that compels us to search out the sequences of things, impels us to look for their underlying cause;

and, not finding it at all, or finding it in the hypothesis of some invisible, inscrutable Being who is everywhere in and around us, we in either case marvel and are stricken with awe. It is absolutely inevitable that the human mind should take up some attitude toward the miracle of birth, the mystery of causation, and the dread enigma of death. Only the dullard professes to whistle it all away. Nor is it the part of a wise man to have nothing but derision for the various mythologies in which the sentiment of awe, the cause-hunting instinct, and the passionate rebellion against death, have from time to time materialized themselves. In all this there is nothing that is not natural, and much that is admirable and pathetic. The trouble arises when one of these mythologies sets up to be the absolute and only truth, seeks to suppress the other

mythologies with fire and sword, or at the veryleast claims the right to shackle investigation, to strangle inconvenient truth, and to regulate political, moral, and social life in accordance with a body of doctrines presumed to be of supernatural provenance, but in reality compounded from the wisdom and folly of many bygone ages, none of which had any reasonable claim to legislate for our age or for all time to come.

Fortunately there are many religions which either have never raised, or have implicitly renounced, the most extravagant of these claims. The religions of the Far East do not seem to be aggressive or essentially obscurantist; and Protestantism as a whole, though it makes overweening claims to authority in the sphere of morals, has abjured theocratic ambitions, and is content with the true function of

organized religion — that of formulating man's relation to the mysteries that surround him, and expressing with pomp and poetic emphasis his aspirations toward immortality. But, towering over the path that leads to a world-order, stand the strongholds of two hostile powers — Giant Pope and Giant Mahound. They alone are fanatically aggressive; they alone set up pretensions wholly inconsistent with a rational scheme of things. Until these pretentions can be reduced or circumvented, there may be local progress here and there, but no advance along the whole line. What the Great Analysis can do, I repeat, is to show them in their true proportions, and oppose to their insane ambitions no mere negative theories, no claims of a rival mythology, but a constructive scheme for a truly Catholic Commonweal in which there shall be ample room for

them to exercise the functions which justly and properly belong to them. So long as religion is content to live and let live, its standing-ground in a world-order is clear and incontestable. As a spiritual inspiration and solace, stimulus and anodyne, it will always be in place; it is wholly out of place as a temporal tyranny.

XII

THERE remain three factors in the world-problem which were absent from our illustration-in-little, but are enormously potent in the planetary scale. They are Nationality, Commercial Rivalry, and War.

They not only may, but must, be considered together: for the one includes the other, like a nest of Chinese boxes. Out of Nationality springs Commercial Rivalry, and out of Com-

mercial Rivalry, War. For Commercial Rivalry it might be better perhaps, to substitute a more general term — say, Economic Interest. Thus corrected, the above statement is almost literally exact. Nationality is the great bar to a consolidation of Economic Interests, and scarcely any motive is nowadays strong enough to lead to war, unless Economic Interest (real or imaginary) comes in to reinforce it.

What, then, in this all-important domain, would be the work of the Great Analysis? The answer is ludicrously obvious: to analyze the idea of Nationality, the idea of Economic Interest. Such analyses, it may be said, already exist in plenty, and lead to the most conflicting results. Yes: but which of them has been undertaken on the basis of exact measurements, under the rubrics provided by a complete world-

survey, and with sufficient mental detachment from the very objects to be analyzed — Nationality and Economic Interest? In our illustrative Yorkshire, the great advantage of the Organizing Body lay in the fact that the disruption had uprooted all sorts of prejudices, traditions, and habitual forms of thought, or, in other words, had cleaned the mental slate of the community. The very first step toward the Great Analysis would be for those engaged in it to undertake, in their own persons, a similar cleaning of the mental slate. This could not be effected without prayer and fasting — without an intense and heroic effort. But co-operation and mutual criticism would help, each investigator taking the beam out of his brother's eye, and having the mote, in turn, removed from his own. Let it not be objected that such an extirpation of

prejudice would mean the ignoring of one of the decisive factors in the problem. A man may cast aside his own prejudice without forgetting or underrating its continued hold upon his neighbor's mind. And, the object of the whole endeavor being to place the human intelligence at a point of view from which it should see planetary affairs in a wider and juster perspective, how should our analysts hope to lead others to that point of view, without having first attained it themselves?

Can it be doubted that there is ample room, not to say urgent necessity, for what Nietzsche would have called a revaluing of political and economic values, and a re-education of our principalities and powers (individual or collective) in the light of that "tariff-revision"? Who has hitherto applied, in any systematic and com-

prehensive way, the one true standard of appraisement: to wit, human worth and well-being? We have constantly forgotten the end in our clinging to temporary and makeshift means, which we have come almost to deify, as ordinances handed down from heaven. Many of us even deny and deride the end, while we are prepared to vindicate with fury our vested interest in the means, as they take shape in this or that institution which has long survived any utility it may ever have possessed.

What is the general characteristic of the political thought which shapes what are called the practical politics of the world, at any rate in the international domain? Is it not an amazing short-sightedness, amounting in most cases to absolute inability to look more than a few years ahead? The great statesman is not he who

gazes far into the future, but who sees clearly and estimates at their effective (as distinct from their ideal) worth the conflicting forces of the present. It is scarcely too much to say that the future, in any large sense of the word, does not exist for the political mind. The future at which the most far-sighted aims is only a slightly reformed present ("re-formed," sometimes, in a retrograde sense) which is to be, as Euclid says, produced to infinity. Mankind is always to be animated by the same stupidities and cupidities, the same traditions and superstitions. The idea that the future must be something immeasurably vaster, and may be something immeasurably wiser, than this groping, elbowing, snarling present of ours, has never dawned upon the political mind; much less the idea of fixing the view on a saner, nobler, not too distant future, and going forth

to meet it. The typical diplomatist-politician lives from hand to mouth, on a set of ideas so old that it is high time they went to the public analyst, who should report as to whether they are still fit for human food.

These remarks apply mainly to international politics; of national politics it is possible, in some cases, to draw a less gloomy picture. Even a small measure of social justice or expediency may possibly be only an instalment of a larger scheme, present to the statesman's mind, but not yet ripe for disclosure. Perhaps it is not altogether too optimistic to imagine that the larger scheme may in some cases be based on a philosophic realization of the one thing needful — the enhancement of the worth of human life. But in international politics who can trace the faintest glimmer of any such conception? Statesmen may, per-

haps, think a few years or a few decades ahead; but their schemes are inspired by sheer national egoism and ambition, expressing itself in high-sounding ready-made phrases, the true import of which they have never sought to penetrate. To call this egoism "national" is, indeed, to flatter it. In nine cases out of ten, it is essentially class-egoism or party-egoism, which has given no real thought — though it may pay perfunctory and hypocritical lip-homage — to the good of the nation as a whole. It is appalling to picture the condition of the minds — the fifteen or twenty brains, under as many helmets or shakos or ministerial cocked-hats — in which the immediate destinies of Europe are at this moment shaping themselves. Some of these men, no doubt, are thoroughly well-meaning, and sincerely bent on doing as little harm as possible. But

is there one to whom we can look with the faintest gleam of hope for a world-shaping, world-redeeming thought? Is there one who has shown any sense of the new conditions of planetary life, the vast new issues opening out before the human race? Is there one whom we can believe to have thought out, sincerely and competently, the meaning of the phrases on which his foreign policy is based? Is there one from whom we could with any confidence expect an original and enlightened view of his own country's interests, let alone any wider outlook? Is there one, to sum up, who has given proof of a mental calibre at all commensurate with his power and his responsibility? If such an one there be, he is certainly not among the active, aggressive "makers of history," but among the comparatively passive groups whose part it is to look on

and try to prevent the worst sort of mischief.

We must not, however, be too hard on our purblind principalities and powers. It is not their fault that they have been born into a world too vast and complex for their rational apprehension. It is just here that the Great Analysis must come to the rescue; and the very point of my argument is that it must be a huge co-operative effort, even if it be organized by one supreme intelligence. It would be fantastic to look for that intelligence among the Crowned Heads of Europe.

XIII

PERHAPS the best order for investigation to pursue would be to start with the innermost of the Chinese boxes, and work back from an analysis of the economics of war, to the larger subject of economic interest in general, and the still larger subject of nationality and the price we pay for it. Who gains by war? Putting aside altogether its horrors and agonies — assuming, for the sake of argument, that it is carried on by insentient puppets, like a game of chess — is the profit of even a successful war sufficiently large and sufficiently distributed to make it worth the expense and toil of previous preparation, and the still greater expense and toil of guarding and securing whatever advantage has been gained? I am far from taking

it for granted that the answer to this question would necessarily be a sweeping negative; but it would surely appear that, in these days of fabulously expensive armament and apparatus, and ever more intricate financial interrelations, the possible advantages of war to any class of any community were becoming increasingly dubious. The Franco-German war is commonly cited as one from which the victor reaped huge and conspicuous gains. The Franco-German war, be it noted, took place nearly half a century ago; but, even so, I should very much like to see a searching analysis of its vaunted profits. It is true that the conditions were exceptionally favorable to profit-making. The war was short, the collapse of the enemy complete, the territorial acquisition large, the indemnity enormous. But was the territorial acquisition a true gain to any human

being? Is it fair to attribute the industrial growth and expansion of Germany wholly, or in any determining measure, to the influence of the war? How many times over has the indemnity been absorbed by the direct and indirect expense involved in guarding the spoils? And is the account yet closed? Even if the balance stands to-day somewhat to the credit side, may there not be huge sums of compound interest to be paid in the future, for those months of inebriating triumph? As one walks the streets of Berlin, and sees at every corner some bronze colossus sending up its silent shout of "Victory!" to the inscrutable heavens, one wonders how the German "philolog" of to-day expounds to his students the myth of Nemesis.

And these doubts and hesitations, be it noted, merely concern the question of gross profits as recorded in col-

umns of statistics. The Great Analysis would be a futility indeed if it took statistics at their face value, and did not translate them into terms of human well-being. The results of the investigation would probably be still more dubious when the distribution of the profits came to be considered, and their influence upon the actual worth of human life. I am not assuming (as some people do) that the dreamy, idealistic, provincial, ante-bellum German was a happier or a better man than the hustling, aggressive, cosmopolitan German of to-day. The idealist, in so far as he existed at all, was probably doomed to go under in the mere march of human affairs, war or no war. What I do suggest is that investigation might possibly show that, for the mass of the German people, the stress and strain of life had increased out of all proportion to any increase in its in-

terest, pleasure, or comfort, — in short, in either its spiritual or its animal satisfactions. It would not improbably be found that the French milliards, in so far as they reached the pockets of the German people at all, went to swell the tide of luxury and vulgar ostentation, not to relieve the burdens, or dignify the lives, of the masses. They may have helped to make of Berlin a flaunting, swaggering, champagne-bibbing European capital, in place of the unpretentious *Residenz* of old; but have they enhanced the general worth of life for the bulk of the German nation? The efficiency which one so often admires, not without envy, in Germany, is no product of the war: rather, the war was a product of the efficiency. As for the rapid growth of population, we must think twice before we accept that as a proof of general well-being. It is often the most

miserable household that is the most prolific.

I would be understood as suggesting the heads of a possible analysis, not forestalling its results. It is quite probable that in this particular instance — an exceptionally favorable one for the believers in the benefits of war — a good case could be made out for an ultimate balance of profit. Still more probably might it be demonstrated that, with an unscrupulous mock-Napoleon seated on the throne of France, war was, for Germany, the less of two evils. This argument may sometimes be advanced with speciousness, and possibly with justice, while the world-will remains at sixes and sevens, and the world-conscience, though perhaps moving in the womb of time, is certainly as yet unborn. But that only brings home to us the urgent necessity for a systematic ef-

fort to harmonize the distracted will by proposing to it a largely-conceived, rational design, and at the same time to expedite the birth of a collective conscience. It is a monstrous and intolerable thought that civilization may at any moment be hurled half-way back to barbarism by some scheming adventurer, some superstitious madman, or simply a pompous, well-meaning busy-body. There is a great deal of common-sense in the world, if only it could be organized to a rational end. But while we are wholly in doubt as to whither we are going, it is no wonder if we quarrel as to how we are to get there, and are never secure against the baneful influence of crazes, hallucinations, sophistries, catch-words, and that tribal vanity which, under the name of patriotism, works far more insidious mischief than personal conceit.

XIV

One thing, however, I do venture to prophesy — namely, that the study of all international problems, with that of war at their head, will be found to lead back to the one great problem — neither national nor international, but fundamental — of the distribution of wealth. I am even tempted to lay down an axiom, to this effect: "When the profits of war (if any) are distributed with a reasonable approach to justice, no one will any longer want to make war." In other words, the profits of war — and that term, of course, includes "armed peace," with its ever-recurring games of bluff in pursuit of some economic advantage — the profits of war go to widen the gap between the "haves" and "have nots." They may give room for an

increase in the numbers of the proletariat; they do not better its condition.

We are back, then, at our starting-point. We find, after reviewing the main factors of complication, that the fundamental problem of the Great Analysis is precisely that which confronted the Organizers of our hypothetical Yorkshire — the establishment of a reasonable equilibrium between the resources of the planet and the drafts upon them, between Commodities and Consumption, or, in the most general terms, between Nature and Human Life. It is evident, if we only think of it, that such an equilibrium can and must be established, unless the history of the world is to be one long series of oscillations between nascent order and devouring chaos. Hitherto, as above indicated, the necessary data for the equation have been unattain-

able. We simply did not know the world we lived in. Now that we possess, or are in a fair way of attaining, an adequate knowledge of the data, we cannot too soon set about working out the equation — in the first place on paper. The sooner we see our way (however roughly outlined) to a rational world-order, the more chance is there of preventing a catastrophic swing of the pendulum. That is the thesis of the present argument.

If there is one thing more manifest than another, it is that the present phase of economic development is transient, not final. It has blundered into existence, and it will presently blunder out of existence, if we do not find a means of rationally transforming it. The people who seek to justify it as a psychological necessity, founded on the bed-rock of human nature, might as well assure us that some cloud-

castle at sunset is built upon the eternal principles of architecture. While they are in the heat of their demonstration, "the rack dislimns," and what seemed an adamantine fortress proves to have been a thing of vapor. Capitalism is everywhere caricaturing itself; most of all in America, where the grab-bag is richer than in older and less rapidly-expanding countries. Millionaires are not so much objects of hatred as of a smiling pity, so grotesque is the disproportion between their "means" and their power of using or enjoying them. The millionaire is like a solitary man set down before a gorgeous banquet spread for a thousand people: he brings with him, alas! only one appetite and one digestion, and that, probably, not of the best. Sometimes he exerts himself simply to destroy what he cannot enjoy, and sedulously pretends to find

gratification in so doing. Sometimes (very rarely — I can think of only one conspicuous instance) he does his best to give away the superfluous viands, to hand them out in hot haste through the windows of his palace to the scrambling crowd without; and thereby, though he doubtless does some good, he earns far more ridicule than gratitude. Meanwhile, he has to live in an ugly, insanitary, wrangling, groaning, pullulating world, which offends his eyes and nostrils while it haunts his conscience. He may, indeed, elaborately and imperfectly shut out offensive sights and smells; but the groaning cannot but reach his ears, and the germs of typhoid or tuberculosis find their way from the swarming rookery into his sumptuous seclusion. He may build himself a palace of art, and ransack Europe and Asia to furnish it; but it will not, after all, be a

tenth part so rich as the National Gallery or the Louvre, nor will he enjoy it a whit the more for his power to exclude others from it. He may look forward to making an enormous "splash" at his death, by his royal gifts and benefactions; but of all melancholy pleasures, that of anticipating the day when your will shall go to probate is surely the most lugubrious. Yet, as aforesaid, we do not hate the millionaire, for we know that he is only the tragicomic product of a stupid system of distribution. He is the victim of the system just as much as any one else. And he knows in his heart that it cannot last — that the sky-scraper cannot go on forever piling itself up, story upon story, but must one day either collapse by its own weight, or be stormed by the multitude whose sunlight it obscures. We see evidences on every hand that no

one takes so gloomy a view of the future as the so-called plutocrat. Though sycophantic theorists have proved to him that he is a benefactor to his species, and that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, his instinct tells him that there is a flaw in their argument, and that things are rapidly coming to a breaking-point. He trembles in his precarious sky-parlors, and would secretly welcome any safe and gradual way of climbing down, before revolutionary Socialism comes to throw him out at the window.

Among the first things that the Great Analysis would have to analyze are the concepts of Liberty and Equality. The third of the famous trio — Fraternity — is neither here nor there. It is a vague and harmless ideal. But it is time we should know what we mean when we speak of Liberty, and what we do *not* mean when we speak

of Equality. As it is, we make an idol of a Liberty which nine-tenths of us do not, and never did, possess; and a bugbear of an Equality which is in the nature of things impossible. We tremble at bogies conjured up by our own imagination — nightmares begotten of a surfeit of bad psychology — while we view with apathetic indifference the spectres of Misery, Disease, and War that stalk palpable in our midst.

As soon as a possibility of a sane social order is mooted, some one writes to the papers to point out that if the wealth of Mr. Rockefeller were divided among the people of the United States, it would only mean one dollar and thirty-seven cents a head; or that if all the property in the world were equally divided on Monday, there would be rich men and poor men on Tuesday, and on Wednesday million-

aires and beggars. Who doubts it? And who talks of such divisions? The true question — the question the Great Analysis would have to answer — is: What population can this globe of ours sustain in health, in comfort, in seemliness, in dignity, in beauty, even (on fitting occasions) in splendor and magnificence? How can the planetary resources be developed and distributed so that the highest quantity of life may be attained that is compatible with the finest quality of which each individual is capable? It is not a question of dividing so and so much money, but of rearranging the mechanism of production and distribution in the light of an exhaustive study of the whole data of the case. The problem, as I set out by declaring, is enormously difficult; but is that any reason why we should not earnestly and systematically set about the en-

deavor to solve it? The solution will not be reached in a year, perhaps not in a century. But we shall learn from the very effort, and profit by the by-products, so to speak, of the investigation. An American engineer set forth to study the best method of cutting metals — to determine the best shapes and angles of tools, the proper cutting-speed and so forth. He thought it would be a matter of six months' experimentation; it took him, in fact, twenty-six years, involved something like 40,000 carefully recorded experiments, and cost not much less than $200,000. But the investigation paid its way: the knowledge acquired in each stage of the process saved more money than that stage had cost. So would it be with the Great Analysis; only the savings effected would not be reckoned in dollars, but in far more real values.

XV

THE reader who has followed this disquisition so far has probably found two words floating again and again into his mind, and remarked their absence from the text. One of them occurs only once, the other not at all. The words are Sociology and Socialism.

"Your Great Analysis" it may be said, "is simply a sociological enquiry on a large scale, and the organization which should carry it out would be nothing but a College of Sociology. Do you imagine that the world is going to be refashioned by a conclave of professors? — those professors for whom a true world-moulder like Bismarck had such an unmitigated contempt?"

It is possible that even a professor,

by ascending the watch-tower of Science, may be able to see a little further into the future than the astutest *Real-Politiker*, seated in his bureau, and half-submerged in piles of protocols. But it is not proposed that the professors, or rather investigators, should refashion the world — only that they should provide the men of action with a scheme, a forecast, a chart of the waters of the future, which should save them from battling with irresistible currents, running on shoals, or drifting hopelessly into whirlpools of blood. The contention is that the making of such a chart is now possible, as it never was before, and that the co-operative effort involved would, itself, be of the utmost value, even if positive and assured results were but slowly attained. The object is precisely to correct the blindness of the Real-Politicians. Bismarck was a

great man, no doubt — a colossus of shrewdness, pertinacity, and courage. But can any one pretend that he saw, or tried to see, or was capable of seeing, anything but the immediate interest of his tribe, and (in a broad sense) of his class? He was conspicuously successful in realizing his immediate aims, and that success has given his principles and methods an enormous prestige. But it is only twenty years since he fell from power, and the harvest of his sowing is yet to reap. Who knows that he will be the national hero of the Germans of A. D. 2000? And if he is, will it not almost certainly be in virtue of developments whereof he did not dream, and from which he would have recoiled?

It is true that the Great Analysis will have to be carried out by a body which may, if you like, be described

as an International College of Systematic Sociology. But its researches would be organized as researches never were before, and the great controlling ideal of a Rational World-Order would be forever before the eyes of the investigators. If the work were conducted in the right spirit, it would not proceed very far before the College acquired a growing authority and came to be consulted more and more by men of practical affairs. In time, it might be recognized as a World-Witenagemot — a conclave of representative investigators and thinkers, brought together, not by election, but by selection, from all quarters of the globe. In this character it might exercise great and beneficent influence, even before its survey was completed, and analysis had given place to a majestic synthesis. It would be recognized as the best possible Board of

Arbitration — a sort of central clearing-house for international claims. How, in the process of time, executive power should be attached to its decisions is a question which need not here be discussed. If they vindicate themselves in wisdom, power will not long be lacking to them.

For our illustration-in-little of the meaning of a world-order, we imagined an English county isolated in space. This choice was made with a view to the utmost possible simplification; otherwise a much more accurate world-in-miniature was ready to our hand — in British India. Had we imagined that vast peninsula torn from its terrestrial anchorage and set spinning in space, we should have had a very exact small-scale model of the planet. We should have had differences of race, "backward" populations, a babel of languages, jarring

creeds, hereditary hostilities, wide diversities of climate and local conditions — in short, all the troubles and complications of the variegated globe. And in this world-in-little, we should have found an organization attempting, however clumsily and imperfectly, to introduce a world-order. The Government of India, if it has any right to exist at all, ought to be doing, and I daresay is doing, just the work of the Great Analysis. If it is living from hand to mouth, with no vision beyond the administrative problems of the hour, it is neglectful of its opportunities, if not absolutely false to its trust. It ought to be studying in detail the conditions and possibilities of each district in its dominion, and then viewing the whole in perspective, and modulating, harmonizing, all discordant factors, with a single eye to the Commonweal. Apart

from its purely executive functions, it ought to be, like the mechanism of the Great Analysis, a College of Sociology. And while it is (we may hope) working toward a largely planned and rational order, it does actually fulfil the great function of keeping the peace between antagonistic creeds, traditions, and interests, by playing the part of an external, impartial intelligence, superior to petty animosities, and studying, sincerely though no doubt, fallibly, the welfare of all. This may be an idealistic view of the Government of India as it actually exists; but there is no reason in the nature of things why it should not be realized. What India and what the world want is a rational self-consciousness, to act as a great fly-wheel, absorbing and equalizing all irregular and excessive movements in individual parts of the machine.

As for the avoidance of the word "Socialism," it has, for the most part, been instinctive, not deliberate. Once or twice, perhaps, the word may have come into my mind and been consciously rejected; but not more than once or twice. It needs no conscious resolve to steer clear of a word which does not mean the same thing to any two people who use it, and which comes to many minds charged with exasperating, terrifying, even maddening connotations. If the tendency of my thought seem socialistic, I would ask the reader to bear in mind two things. First, in a discussion such as this, one must illustrate one's meaning by examples; and what is intended merely as an illustration is apt to assume the appearance of a prophecy. Nothing is more probable — indeed more certain — than that the outcome of the Great Analysis would be wholly dif-

ferent from any of the vague previsions adumbrated in these pages. I have tried to indicate the *order* of results to be looked for, not to prophesy the results themselves. But, in the second place, it must be owned that any aspiration toward a world-order cannot but seem socialistic in tendency: for it involves the subordination of the unit — whether man, or family, or tribe, or race — to the welfare of the whole. Or rather, it involves the seeking of the welfare of one in the welfare of all. It involves the idea that no human soul can truly and permanently flourish at the expense of another human soul. The opposite idea — that one man's happiness is necessarily founded on another's misery, his gain on another's loss, his life on another's death — is clearly the negation of a world-order. For it would be a mere playing with

words to apply the term "order" to a state of eternal and inevitable strife.

To elaborate and clarify the notions implicit in the foregoing sentences, would demand another essay at least as long as this. I must be content to leave them unclarified, and consequently open to all sorts of misunderstanding. It must suffice, in the meantime, to point out that, instinctively, and in most cases very unwillingly, the mind of man is everywhere recoiling from the present chaotic condition of human affairs. It is not socialists who are most assured of the advent of socialism — it is peers and millionaires. They regard it as an unspeakable disaster and "the end of all things"; but they see it manifestly on the march. Even the militarists — the men who believe, with Moltke, that universal peace is "a dream, and not a pleasant dream" — are not as happy

as they might be. They find comfort, indeed, in the belief that a great Armageddon must precede any sort of world-order; but behind it they somehow cannot quite imagine the nations piling up forever the gigantically costly implements of modern warfare, and periodically letting them loose, like avalanches, over each other's territories. Human folly, in fact, is becoming so titanic as to appall even the human fool. He "does not know what is to come of it all."

Nobody does; and that is just the helpless state of mind which the Great Analysis ought to correct. In one form or another, a world-order must one day arrive. It may come as a benefaction, or it may come as a calamity; and the best way to avert the latter alternative is assuredly to study, from a planetary point of view, the conditions and potentialities of life for

the crew of sentient creatures who have somehow been marooned on this island in space. The human intellect, organizing, order-bringing, must enlarge itself so as to embrace, in one great conspectus, the problems, not of a parish, or of a nation, but of the pendent globe.